

THE ENGLISH HIGH SCHOOL

RECORD



June
1959

McLennan '61

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

HONOR ROLL . . .

March - April, 1959

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JOSEPH L. MALONE

Head Master

THE RECORD

THE ENGLISH HIGH SCHOOL
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

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JUNE, 1959

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ENGLISH HIGH VARIETY SHOW OF 1959

Trumpets blared, drums rolled, and the curtain opened on the E.H.S. Variety Show of 1959. Another superb show put on by the efforts of so many E.H.S. students and members of the faculty was about to unfold.

The show was unanimously applauded as one of the best shows ever put on. The students present showed their approval by the resounding waves of applause which swept through the auditorium at the end of each act. Each act deserves individual praise, but, unfortunately, space does not permit this. Judging by audience reaction, I shall mention the acts that received the most response.

In the music department, the act that received the most applause was Tony Consentino's singing of "Arrivederci Roma," accompanied by the orchestra. The "Schoolboys" were well received with their rendition of "Traveling Strangers" and "Love Is A Many Splendored Thing." In the R'n'R department, Nat Graham really rocked the auditorium with a tremendous drum solo, a wonderful example of his drum playing. The "English Men" got a fine reception with their arrangement of "Honky Tonk" with "Guitar Boogie." Once again, Freddie Gates turned in a fine performance with his singing of "Oh, My Love."

For those who didn't know who the "Camel Men" were, the show held an added attraction. Who were they, and why were they returning? At last the mystery was cleared up. The Camel Men unveiled themselves, much to the delight of all who attended the show. They were loudly applauded by those who had seen them the previous year and by those who were viewing them for the first time.

The comedy skit was a take-off on a movie production. This was the act that had 'em rolling in the aisles. It was a slapstick type of skit and one of the best in the show. Chef Luigi must be considered for honors in comedy, and just in passing may I add that the pizza was quite real and quite delicious. The take-off on *Hamlet* saw several English teachers throwing fits. This is the first time, officially, that *Hamlet* has been interpreted in this manner. There was no doubt in this presentation as to whether or not Hamlet was insane. The whole cast was a bit daffy. Special recognition must be given to three boys who were exceptionally well received by the audience. They are Bob Shea, Phil Kallen, and Tony Ciaramitaro.

According to audience reaction, the best act in the show was that of Anthony Rais, who held the audience spellbound with his amazing tricks of magic. He breathed fire and smoke, and shot out sparks that a blast furnace would be proud of. He produced a pigeon out of an empty pan, and also pulled a tri-colored scarf out of a bag where he had put three solid colored scarfs. But, the really amazing trick was pulling thirty feet of colored paper out of his mouth. It only goes to prove that the hand is quicker than the eye. This was an act most deserving of praise.

Lest we forget, how about the two M. C's? Both boys, Paul Ricci and Sherwin Solomon, deserve a high amount of praise. The show took many hours of preparation in order to polish it to a point of perfection. So, one final word of appreciation to all of those people who worked behind the scenes and who helped to put together a really fine show.

PROGRAM

1. Orchestra—Show Business
2. "Arrivedici Roma"—A. Consentino
3. "English Men"—"Honky Tonk"
"Guitar Boogies"
4. Movie Production—Skit
5. The Schoolboys—"Traveling Strangers"
"Love Is A Many Splendored Thing"
6. Magician—Anthony Rais
7. "Peace Pow wow"—Skit
8. Camel Men
9. "Chef Luigi"—TV interview
10. Bongoleers
11. "Hamlet"—Ghost Scene
12. Orchestra—"In the Mood," "Sentimental
Journey" Goofin
13. Barber of Seville
14. Encores—"Wadda Du," "Sweet Was the Wine"
15. Velvet Meatballs"
16. J. C. and His Boys—Calypso
17. "Wresetling Fans" Interview—Skit
18. Zephyrs—"Please Say You Want Me"
"My Only Love"
19. "The Scientists"—Skit
20. Drum Solo—Graham



21. "TV Commercial"
22. "Venus"—Sung by Turner
23. Big Brass—"The Saints," "Little Brown Jug"
24. Recitation—"The Charge of the Lunch Brigade"
25. "Oh My Love"—Fred Gates
26. Drill Team
27. "Lady of Spain"—Tom Mogavero
28. "English Men"—"I Wanna Rock" "Detour"

"My Buddy Phil"

by ANTHONY CIARAMITARO, '61

"You should team up with Phil Kallan" was a suggestion I received from somebody one morning while I was discussing the coming Variety Show. "You two would make a great team," he added, "like Abbott and Costello." I had never heard of Phil Kallan before so I thought he would look like an undernourished-looking kid with thick glasses and mussed up hair. But when I met Kallan my opinion of him was completely reversed. He was short and fat instead of tall and skinny, but the thick glasses and mussed-up hair remained.

Unlike most of the cast, Phil took what part was given to him without question or argument. I immediately became a close friend of Phil's, which isn't too hard to do. A guy can't help but like this kid. He has a real, genuine character, and above all he is

sincere. Phil can make you laugh without trying. He has a quality that most of today's big name comedians pray for. He is a natural born comedian.

Phil is an exceptionally good sport. He took what parts were given him and did them well. Perhaps you will remember his portrayal of an Indian chief in our "Peace Pow Wow" skit in the show. That really had the kids in the aisle. After bragging that I was in more parts in the show than anyone else, a friend of mine said, "You must be the star of the show." Although I never said a definite "yes," I never said "no." But my idea of self-confidence broke when Phil's name was announced and the audience roared with delight, and when my name was announced it got nothing. I knew then that no matter how many skits I was in, the real star of the show was Phil Kallan.

Phil, who is now in his senior year, intends to go to a seminary after he graduates from EHS in June. We all wish Phil the best of luck in the years ahead.

RECORDERS

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Standing (2nd Row, left to right): Joseph Goodwater, Steven Bornstein, Michael Leonard, Walter Salvi, Fred Monticone, Leonard Segal, Mark Alpert, and Alan Waldman.

IT'S YOUR JOB

by DAVID W. HALEY, '59

You will have to make a number of decisions which may affect your entire work career. *You* will have to decide what kind of job *you* want, making sure that this job is in line with *your* abilities and *your* interests. *You* will have to weigh the relative merits of what a job offers *you* immediately as against what it may lead to in the long run. *You* will have to consider the necessary educational aspects. These are all very good reasons why *you* should act intelligently in choosing *your* career

Whether you are an entering freshman or a graduating senior, it certainly will be to your advantage to investigate every question which arises about choosing your career. Read widely about the vocational field you plan to enter. Never hesitate to ask questions of men in the field and of your guidance counselors.

The battery of tests offered each September by the downtown Department of Educational Measurement and conducted in this school, have guided hundreds of men of English down the proverbial road to honor and achievement.

But how do you get the job you have decided on? First of all, apply for work with Mr. Falvey and register with the Massachusetts Department of Employment Security, 6 Somerset Street. Check with your relatives, friends and neighbors and read the help-wanted ads. The Boston *Globe* offers a dozen pages of male job opportunities each Sunday. Consult the

Yellow Pages and get in touch with companies which employ workers in your field.

Since Sputnik I has already brought about a great American educational renaissance, I need not further stress the necessity for higher education. But too many young men overlook the valuable specialized training offered by the armed services. Allowances should be made in your work career for both.

When you seek employment in some related field, part time and temporary employment, however casual in nature, offers the experience which can give you some advantage.

When it's time for your interview, have all the necessary factual information and papers ready. Stress your qualifications for the job and your interest in it. Emphasize anything about yourself which might contribute toward getting the job. But permit the prospective boss to get in a few words. Never underestimate the importance of manners and appearance.

Don't be discouraged if you don't get the first job you apply for. Perhaps there are no openings. Possibly you do not have the qualifications which the employer has in mind. Maybe the job isn't what you expected.

Try, try again. And *Good Luck!*

The English High School *Record* has received a First Place rating in the 35th Annual Contest of the Columbia Scholastic Press Association.

THE MAN

by WALTER E. SALVI, '61

Time was no more. The sun stayed at just one level, never moving, never covered by clouds. It shone down upon a desolate earth. There was no night and day, and no definite time for anything. Things just happened when they happened. There were no shadows to mar the abstract beauty of the drifting sand. A gentle breeze wafted across the emptiness, travelled down a lonely valley, curved gently among the heavy boulders, and drifted across the hot forehead of a wasted man, only to continue on its journey into his cave where it would be lost forever.

The man's thoughts lingered momentarily on the breeze and then lapsed into a state of apathy.

Suddenly above his head he heard a noise. True, it was a slight noise, but in this world of silence, it was big. But, can the flapping of a dove's wings be called loud? For this man it could.

The man thought with scorn about the dove. Out of all the birds to fly over his head it had to be the dove, the bird of peace.

Yes, it was peaceful now. After the final blast, true peace had settled upon the earth. "It's funny," the man thought, "that the bird should choose this part of the world to fly to. But, I guess one part of the world is pretty much like any other now."

He grabbed an overhanging rock and pulled himself into a standing position. He picked up a crude bucket and headed for the nearby spring. When he reached it, he stopped down to clear the green algae from the surface of a slow running pool.

He filled his pail and started back to his cave. That's where he had been when the blast came. He had been searching for uranium. The government was paying good money for uranium, the same type that had caused the blast.

When the blast had come, the man had rushed out to see what had happened. As he had stepped out of the cave, he saw the fateful mushroom cloud forming slowly in two different places. This was the beginning of the end.

The bombs had caused the earth to stop rotating. The bombs had done the impossible; they had stopped time.

Several hundred yards from the cave, an enemy plane had crashed to the ground. It had been one of the first planes to cross his country's borders. These planes were doing what the missiles weren't able to do. They were dropping bombs on small, out of the way, towns. Extra insurance.

The man wondered whether or not retaliation was possible, and if it was, what good would it accomplish. The world was destroyed, and in a few days, he would die, leaving the earth to the sun, the dove, and the wind. He closed his eyes for a brief rest.

From the west came a sound. The sound was made by machinery. The man sat up with a start. Was it possible that there were other human beings on the earth? It had been too much to hope for. Now the sound grew louder, and with the increased sound came the machine that was making the noise. A helicopter.

The man dragged himself up and staggered to the mouth of the cave. From there he could see that there were two men in the helicopter. He yelled and waved his arms. The men spotted him and turned the 'copter towards him.

It was then that he saw the emblem on the side of the machine. The man started to run, he stumbled, fell, got up and kept on running. He ran faster and faster. "We won!" he cried. "Our side won!" He ran on towards the helicopter.



PRIZE DRILL

Winning Companies

MANUAL OF ARMS WINNERS

First Regiment

8th Company—Francis C. Belmonte
Domenick De Fronzo

4th Company—Gerald Cox
Francis Zarella

10th Company—Allan Curtis
Bruce Fraleigh

6th Company—Edward Smith
Anthony Alibano

13th Company—Harold Prefontaine
Wesley Taylor
Francis Mandoza
Richard Tacelli

Second Regiment

6th Company—

6th Company—Steve Brackman

1st Company—Robert Devlin
Andrew Falanga

5th Company—Harold Freedman
Paul Johnson

9th Company—Leslie Lewis
Harold Platt

7th Company—Peter Rupp
Edward Sullivan
Eugene Wood
Arthur Haskell



Career Days

by MARTIN STARR, '59

The first of a series of three Career Day Programs was held on March 6, 1957 in the auditorium. The opening speaker was James Nealy, a Certified Public Accountant, who stressed broad thinking when choosing a vocation. He listed the various duties of an accountant and brought out the fact that an accountant needs three years of experience to qualify for the examination to become a C.P.A.

The next speaker of the morning was Dr. Donald W. Catagan: Registrar, University of Massachusetts. To the delight of all present, he varied his lecture with many amusing and entertaining anecdotes which proved to be the highlight of the morning. Dr. Catagan impressed the importance of early preparation on our minds and assured us of admittance to a good college if the proper steps were taken.

The third orator was the President of the class of '22, Judge Paul G. Kirk. His Honor was judged to be an excellent speaker and a man of great character. His graduation from Harvard Law School attests to the high level of his intellect.

The closing Speaker was John Reagan, Chairman of the Boston School Committee. He emphasized scholastic achievement, and the advantage of it coupled with extra-curricular activities. In this vein, he mentioned John Grindall, whom he had met at the Boston Rotary Club.

When Mr. Reagan had finished, Mr. Malone presented each of the speakers with the coveted Service "E" for service to the school.

The second Career Day program was held on Monday, March 9, 1959. This day's stage, however, was graced by five exchange students from Needham High School, two of whom were quite attractive (the other three were boys). The students, unfortunately, had nothing to say, as they only listened attentively and added to the scenery.

The first speaker was Dr. John J. Walsh of Boston College, who graduated English High School in 1942. His speech, in the main, was about English High School, its high academic standing and its unequaled history. He closed his discourse with the thought-provoking words of Theodore Roosevelt; "What I am to be, I am now becoming."

The next speaker of the morning was Dean Joseph Strain of Suffolk University. The Dean had never before been to English High School and was much impressed by the salute given him by the English High School Band.

He mentioned several criteria for admission:

1. High record
2. Intelligence Tests. (S.A.T.—Achievement, etc.)

3. Personal Interviews
4. Recommendations (Guidance Counselor, Principal, etc.)

He also mentioned one item that probably has not been called to most applicants' attention yet, and that is *personal sacrifice*.

The final speaker of the program was Gabriel Piemonte, Class of '26 and City Councilor. Mr. Piemonte gave an excellent speech on the importance of education and the fine quality of English High.

Mr. Malone again presented each of the speakers a "Service E" for their contribution.

The third and final Career Day Program took place on April 3, 1959. This program was designated as Armed Forces Day and representatives from all the branches of the service were present.

The first speaker was Sergeant Allen Procter of the Army. He strongly advised a college education before serving and emphasized the varied Specialized Training Programs.

Next was John Bernard, Petty Officer First Class, of the Navy. Mr. Bernard explained the Selective Service Act, Draft Laws, and military obligation. He also called to our attention, the fact that every male must register with his local draft board at the age of eighteen. He mentioned, too, College Deferments, which are granted on a yearly basis, dependent upon scholastic achievement. Mr. Bernard made it very clear that a deferment is not an exemption, but rather, a postponement.

The third speaker was Sergeant James Hughes of the U.S. Air Force who told of the necessary aptitude and I.Q. Tests required for acceptance. The placement in the Air Force is dependent on the scores of these tests, which tell the field you are best suited for.

Our own Fred Jackson gave another of his usually magnificent renditions, this time showing his stuff with "On the Road to Mandalay." Next came the glee club.

Sergeant William O'Connell of the U. S. Marine Corps, in his appealing southern accent, summed up what the Marine Corps 'has for you'; "A red stripe, a blue suit, four years, and a hard time."

After a refreshing number by the English High School Band, which featured several variations of "Skip to My Lou," came the final speaker of the morning, Engineer, First Class Joseph DeCosta of the Coast Guard. Mr. DeCosta explained the function and duties of the Coast Guard, and went on to enumerate the advantages of being chosen to attend the Coast Guard Academy at New London, Conn.

This concluded a most worthwhile and educational series of Career Day Programs which surely had a beneficial effect on members of the student body and faculty alike.

FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT: An Elegy

by ROBERT A. MINICHIELLO, '59

Dead: a man. A man is gone whose every word was for the benefit of his fellow men. A mind is lost whose every thought was to give architecture a fresh, new outlook. A heart is stopped, a heart that has understood and loved the relationship of truth to beauty, of science to art.

When architects struggled to break the shackles of Victorian decadence, Wright was their "tour de force." When the world stagnated under "the modern cliché," Wright surged ahead with his natural, human art. And when all America rebuked the knowledge of man, Wright fell silent and patiently waited for his predictions to come true.

As a modernist, Wright has given architects the incentive to create: to be different. As a romantic, Wright has achieved true poetry in the buildings he

has designed. But as a humanist, Wright has urged our entire civilization to return to the earth: to build cities with Nature and Man in mind. In short, Wright will not be remembered for the ranch house style, which he originated; not for the cantilever beam, which he made practical; but rather for his love of humanity and his explicit wish that cities give man more room.

In the last book Wright wrote, "The Living City," he gives a plan of a city of the future, a city in which there will be more room for animals, birds, plants, and Man and Nature. This, I think, has been Wright's greatest gift to our civilization. As a tribute to him, may we use his plan wisely and thoughtfully; and may his spirit always be as proud of his people, his country, and his democracy, as we are of him.



How To Help In Fostering Desirable Student Council Attitudes

(Report prepared by Barry Park, '59, and Eric Loth, '60, for a Discussion Group held at the Annual Convention of the Massachusetts Association of Student Councils.)

Our discussion group on "How to Foster Desirable Student Council Attitudes" was well attended and very successful. The main problem in fostering desirable attitudes centered around the lack of understanding and cooperation of the respective school faculties and their councils. In some schools the Student Council was just a farce with no support of the faculty or the student body. However, in one of the discussions, it was pointed out that human nature naturally resents authority, and that students would rather have discipline by the faculty than by their fellow students in the Student Council.

Then we found that our major problem was to get the support and respect both of the student body and the administration. It was thought that if the council was respected by these two bodies, the attitude towards it would be more favorable, for it is only when a council acquires a do-nothing reputation that the attitude towards it becomes unfavorable. Now, assuming that a council can get the respect and approval of the administration, we must ask ourselves a few questions that may make us think. Could our Student Council function without the help of the faculty? And could a Student Council handle adequately the responsibility of, say, running a study hall without losing interest near the end of the year?

In summary, here are some of the points that we found useful, which were brought out in the discussion and buzz groups. We hope these will help improve the attitudes towards your council.

1. Have *positive* school spirit.
 - A. Instead of grumbling do something constructive to get respect of administration.
 - (1.) Cleanup week
 - (2.) Help in the office
 - (3.) Corridor patrols, etc.
2. Get community leaders interested in your council
 - A. Help in worthwhile charity collections.
 - (1.) Red Cross
 - (2.) Volunteer Hospital work
 - (3.) Heart Fund
 - (4.) Care, etc.
 - B. Kiwanis and Key Clubs.
 - C. Weekly Student Council newspaper articles on your Student Council.
 - D. Debates on controversial problems with other school councils and town officials.

3. Improve (if necessary) your own council.
 - A. Draw up a constitution.
 - B. Try to limit Student Council membership to only interested, qualified, hard-working people elected for ability not popularity.
 - C. Analyze your own council to see from what your lack of desirable attitudes stems.
 - D. Try to enlist the help of well-liked, interested, hard-working faculty members.
 - E. Publish a Student Council handbook setting forth purpose, aims, proposals, (both passed and rejected), etc.
 - F. Have the Student Council sponsor a code of ethics for the school.
 - G. Publish weekly a brief summary of happenings at your meeting.
 - H. Each week invite different faculty members to be present at your meetings.
4. Have Student Council officers active in all school activities to help better attitudes.
 - A. Introduce guests at assemblies.
 - B. Preside at class and honor days.
 - C. Represent school at many functions outside school.
5. Try and interest the student body in Student Council work by
 - A. Pointing out that the Student Council is created for the help of the student and is a position of respect for anyone.
 - B. If the student body would back its respective council fully, it would be a tremendous success and find itself with more responsibility and a better attitude towards it.

Final Summary

We sincerely hope that these ideas may help you in your Student Council work, but the only way you can help foster better attitudes towards your council is by showing people you can and are able to take responsibilities. These can only be through constant, persevering, hard work, and the cooperation of all concerned.

Respectfully submitted,

BARRY PARK
ERIC LOTH

Introducing A New Record Feature

... FACULTY INTERVIEWS



The Record Staff Reporter interviewed Mr. Kenneth A. Johnson of Room 208, on May 1, 1959. The conversation went as follows:

Reporter: Where and in what year did you graduate from high school.

Mr. Johnson: Newton High in 1932.

Rep: What colleges have you attended?

Jn: Colby where I earned a B.A., Harvard where I earned a M.A., and the University of Minnesota where I did graduate study.

Rep: What does your wife do?

Jn: She's a chemist.

Rep: What are your special interests?

Jn: English constitutional history, classical music, drama and 19th century English and Russian literature . . . and I like to fool with my tape recorder.

Rep: What are your future plans?

Jn: Continue teaching.

Rep: We've been hearing a lot about your published articles (mostly from you) will you tell us what they are?

Jn: The list includes:—

What to do With Fascist Italy—1944

Thomas Clarkson: Pioneer—1946

The Role of the Writer in 19th Century

Russian Politics—1948

You Never Know Where You'll Find a Tale—1950

John Williams, Bishop as Lord Keeper—1958.

Rep: What is your advice to students entering college.

Jn: Start studying at once.

Rep: What is your opinion of rock n' roll?

Jn: If I express my opinion of Rock n' Roll I'll be suspended for corrupting the morals of the student body.

Rep: Who do you feel are the most important men of recent years?

Jn: Ghandi, Einstein, and, of course, Sir Winston Churchill.

Rep: Who are your favorite historical characters?

Jn: Henry II of England who was the founder of the Jury System, and Cicero.

Rep: What is your opinion of E.H.S.?

Jn: I won't answer that question but I will say that I've enjoyed teaching at E.H.S.

Rep: Why do people call you a character?

Jn: Probably because I have acquired certain academic idiosyncracies which are common to all great men.

Rep: Why do you holler so loudly?

Jn: Because its effective. (At this point Mr. Johnson's class was somewhat out of order and he tested the effectiveness of his voice.)

Rep: What is your favorite piece of music?

Jn: I think that if I were on my death bed, the Beethoven violin concerto would give me an extra lift. My favorite symphony is Beethoven's "Pastoral."

Rep: Are there any other questions we ought to ask you?

Jn: No, I think you already have enough information for a confidential magazine.

AN ANSWER TO COMMUNISM

by WALTER SALVI, '61

In today's troubled times, one question looms large in the minds of the leaders of the free world. How can Communism be overcome? This question has plagued men since the end of World War II. Up to now the public has shown nothing but apathy towards the threat that Communism imposes.

Better men than I have answered the question. Chief among the answers is religion. The stronger a person's religion, the less likely will he fall for Communist propaganda.

According to the Communist doctrine, matter is the only reality in the world; that is, the blind forces which evolve into plant, animal and man. It teaches that human society is nothing but a kind or form of matter which evolves in the same manner, and which moves by a law of inevitable necessity and by perpetual conflict of forces to its final completion, namely, a classless society. With such a doctrine, it is obvious that there is no place for God. With this doctrine, there is not a difference between matter and spirit, between soul and body; thus no belief in life after death, no belief in a spiritual life.



The Communists claim that man is the only one who controls his fate, that the struggle between classes is for the benefit of all humanity, and that in the end there will be a classless society. Such is the "pipe" dream of Communism. Now let's see what really happens.

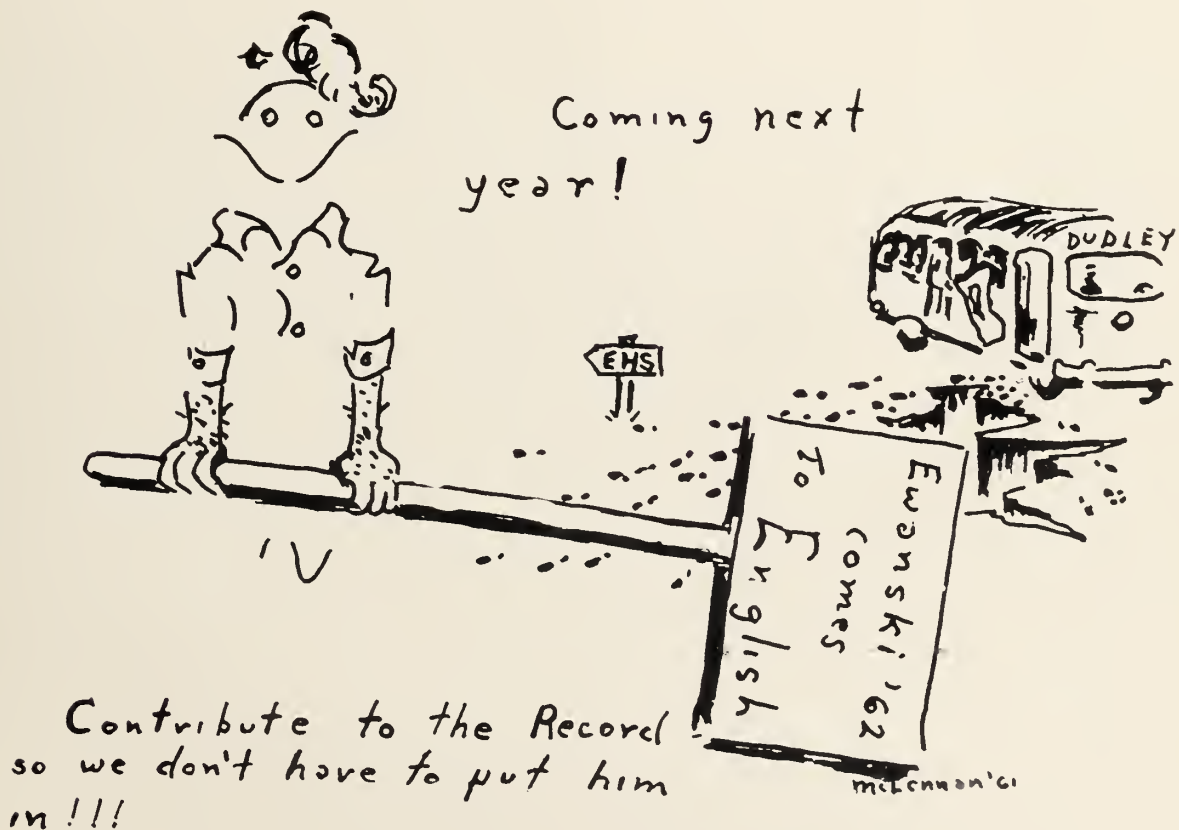
In the beginning of Communism, complete annihilation of religion was thought to be the best way to deal with it. In 1917 there were 896 Catholic priests in Russia serving an estimated six million Catholics. By 1926 the number of priests had dropped to 396. In 1935 there were 21 priests in Russia and the number of Catholics had dropped to half a million. In 1950 not one Russian-born Catholic bishop lived as a free man, and there were only two non-Russian Catholic Bishops allowed to say the Mass. The same situation was in effect for all religion in Russia at that time. In regard to the Orthodox Church, it received the same treatment as the other churches, but since the Orthodox Church was the largest in Russia, the Communists were forced to reverse their earlier actions when there was a slight rumble of a pending revolt. Immediately, churches were reopened. In Moscow alone, during a period of seven years, (1939-1945) the number of churches open for worship had increased from fifteen to thirty-five.

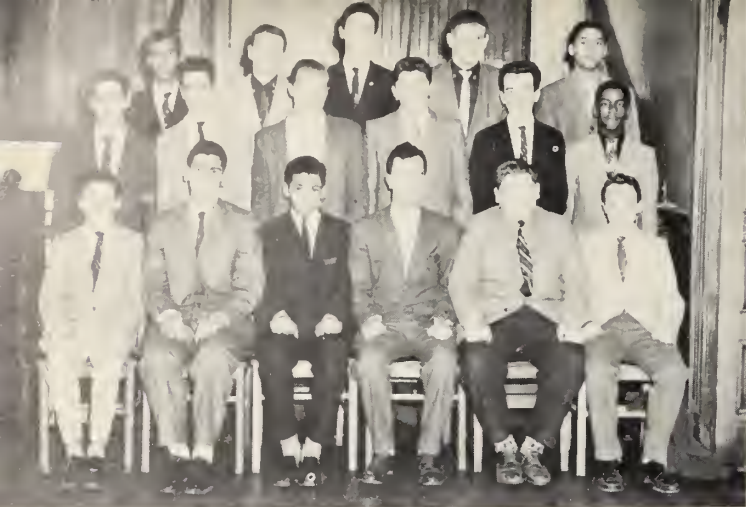
The same ruthless method is characteristic of any doctrine that has tried to take religion away from people. A parallel situation occurred during World War II, when the Nazis were occupying Rome. They had been waging a war against religion from the very beginning of the Third Reich, but were stalemated from doing anything to the Pope, for fear that the Italian army, (almost 100% Catholic) would turn against them. At the time, Germany was no longer so certain that it was going to win the war, and therefore needed all the Axis strength for one last combined resistance. By harming the Pope, Germany would only antagonize the Italians, who were to the north and south of the Germans. The Nazis had nothing to gain and everything to lose.

A recent example of the affect of religion repression is the revolution in Tibet. The Chinese Communists after invading the country in 1951 took over the country, but failed to capture the Dalai Lama, the Tibetan god and king, who had fled to India. The Communists, realizing that they needed him to help control the country, invited him to sign a pact which stated that the Dalai Lama would handle the internal affairs of the nation, while the Communists would control the external affairs. For eight years the Communists played this game; then a few months ago, the Communists tried to capture the Dalai Lama. Once again he fled to India, but this time the Buddhist Tibetians rebelled against the treatment of the Communists. The rest you know. Soldiers, tanks, and planes had to be called in to quell the revolt. Still,

the revolt proved once again that often a person will fight for his religion before he will fight for his country.

In closing I would like to say again, the stronger a person's religion, the less likely he will fall for Communist propaganda. I believe that everyone should personally acquaint himself with the Communist doctrine. It is only in this manner that a person can see just how empty the ideas of Communism are, and he will thus be re-assured that in a country such as the United States, where freedom of religion is guaranteed, that although the Communist doctrine does pose a threat, it will never break down America's strongest bulwark—the religion of an American.





"Over the Annex" The Class of 1962

1/11/62



THE MAGIC OF AUTOMATION

by JOSEPH GOODWATER, '59

How are you at frying bacon? Does it burn easily or twist itself into little curlicues? If so, what you need is a thermal eye. This device controls the temperature of a food as it cooks. In one test made a few months ago with the thermal eye, bacon was left frying for eighteen hours. The bacon didn't burn and didn't curl up!

A handy little gadget like the thermal eye is only one of thousands of such devices coming into use. Many similar devices are already in the home. For a long time we have had thermostats to control the operation of a furnace, an oven, or a refrigerator. A much newer dial automatically controls the washing, rinsing, and partial drying of a family wash in an automatic machine. The same device also controls the amount of water used, and its temperature.

Automation is coming into its own these days. It seems to be getting into everything. A simple way of describing automation is to say that it is the use of one machine to control the operation of another. Automation has also been called the harnessing of electrical brains to mechanical muscles.

For the past year or so, our big daily newspapers have had almost daily stories about some phase of automation. Important magazines feature articles on the subject. Some people fear that automation will put people out of work. Others state positively that automation will mean even more jobs for workers. Manufacturers put on exhibits of automatic machinery. Automation is making big changes in our lives.

A further example of automation is an instrument that has been developed to measure and control continuously the amount of various gases in a mixture. This continuous and automatic control will be useful in petroleum refining, the manufacture of drugs, and in other chemical operations.

So fantastic are the possibilities of new control devices that one can look ahead to a huge factory where no workers will be needed. In this factory,

raw materials are purified or otherwise prepared, changed into finished goods, packaged and loaded into freight cars—all without any direction of human labor. Already automation is refining oil, putting together television sets, baking cakes, putting through cross-country calls on the telephone, preparing insurance bills for mailing, building automobile engines, and doing many other things.

Would automation create less work or more? One opinion is that automation promises a vast increase in goods for everyone, and a far higher standard of living for all. Instead of the forty-hour week now common in industry, there is a shorter work week ahead, but with higher production than we now have. The long term improvement in standard living seems certain. The real worry is what we are going to do with the surplus products and who is going to buy them. Manufacturing companies are producing more goods without increasing the number of employees. Labor unions have pointed out with some fear that steel mills are producing a third more steel than they used to with the same number of workers. With more automation there will be a need for technicians and highly skilled workers. More people will have to study electronics to become scientists and engineers.

People will need more education in general. They must be educated in literature, history, and government, so they will be better equipped to guide a complex industrial society. There is also need for emphasis on art, music, and the like, so that people can best use their increased leisure.

It has also been suggested by certain politicians and scientists that the Federal Government make plans to retain large numbers of workers. This would prevent wide spread hardship among certain kinds of workers as their jobs are taken over by automation.

These remarks are simply opinions expressing an interest in the continued progress and health of our national economy. What is your opinion?

INTO THE ALLAGASH

by ALFRED J. FISHER, '60

Magnificent—that was the only word that came to my mind as I gazed in awe at the vast and pathless wilderness unfolding below me. Together with my father and our pilot, I was flying into the heart of some of the most primitive country in the U.S.A. This was the virgin Allagash Country of Northwestern Maine, and we were about to land our pontooned bush plane on Chamberlain Lake, headwaters of the mighty Allagash River.

This virtually unknown region is the same today as it was before the advent of the white man to the New World. The Allagash country extends roughly from Chesuncook Lake on the south and stretches for over two hundred unbroken miles to the frontier town of Ft. Kent. It extends west from the Quebec border—east, to Patten, Maine, a distance of some seventy-five miles. The region harbors fabulous fishing areas for brook, speckled, or square-tailed trout, lake trout or togue, and landlocked salmon. The forests abound with moose, bear, deer and a multitude of lesser game. Around the most isolated ponds lives the last surviving herd of woodland caribou known to exist in the United States.

At Chamberlain Lake we taxied over to the "Heart O' Maine Sporting Camps," where for seven exciting days we experienced outdoor sport as it was three hundred years ago.

The appalling desolation of the north-woods is beyond description. At times when I gazed at the rugged spruce and pine forests crowned by the majestic Katahdin Range, I got a weird feeling of solitude, as if the whole world were a lake-strewn wilderness. For a week we came into contact with no human being save Mr. Whiteneck, our guide, and

his gracious wife.

Perhaps the most unusual happening of our trip occurred on our third day out. As we paddled around a wooded peninsula, we noticed a huge brown rock lying close to shore in the distance. As we got closer, we could make out the form of a moose, the prince of northern forests. We glided silently to within twenty feet of him when he shook his ponderous head and trotted non-chalantly to the shore. Our guide remarked that it was one of the largest moose he had seen in years. He estimated its weight at twelve hundred pounds and its antler spread at six feet. He certainly made a breathtaking sight silhouetted against the purple mountains and surrounded by a sparkling clear wilderness lake.

Needless to say, the fishing was the type that every true angler deserves at least once in a lifetime. The aristocrat of all fish, the eastern brook trout, provided thrilling sport, especially when one saw a flash of crimson and a vicious strike in the crystal-clear water. Every day we took our limit of trout before ten in the morning. The remainder of the day, we released them in goodly numbers.

Quite frequently, we would see deer by the water's edge. They were quite unafraid of our presence as they had come into no contact with hunters in their primitive surroundings. The bears, although quite numerous in the area, kept strictly to themselves.

On the seventh morning of our stay, the plane came in to fly us back to the "outside" at Greenville, Maine. So it was with great reluctance that we left this lake—jewelled wilderness and returned to civilization.



THE BEGINNING

by WALTER E. SALVI, '61

He watched them with amused tolerance. They had unsuccessfully tried before. Maybe this time they would make it. He settled back to watch them.

"10 . . . 9 . . . 8 . . . 7 . . . 6 . . . 5 . . . 4 . . . 3 . . . 2 . . . 1 . . . ZERO." The rocket ship lifted itself heavily off the launching pad. Its needle—like silhouette pointed upwards into the unknown.

The radio operator kept receiving favorable reports from the crew of the rocket. Tests had proved that women were as well qualified as men for the hazards of space travel. This is why a woman's voice came from the squawk box located in the bunker. She reported that the ship had almost reached the planet Xernes, fifty-nine million miles from its home planet.

For several years, extensive research had been going on in the field of space travel. It had only been recently that a satellite had been placed in orbit around the planet. From then, it had been only a matter of time until a man had been launched into space.

Only one thing marred their accomplishment. They were not the first. The day before, another country

had launched a successful man-carrying space vehicle. The different countries had competed with each other to be the first in space. Now two space ships were speeding on their way to Xernes. There had been several wars that had disturbed the peaceful coexistence between the earth's powers. Now they were at each other's throat, but each was afraid to start anything for fear of retaliation—a stalemate.

Now, for both powers a long hoped for dream was coming true. Inter planetary space travel was no longer a dream, but a reality.

He took all this in and wondered. He wondered about the wars and He was worried. It had been His hope that they could live peacefully together, but they had dissappointed HIM.

Now he saw a chance for improvement, and He let loose a string of natural phenomena that caused the complete annihilation of man and animal.

He turned to His Son and said, "Someday, I might let them try again on that planet. But right now let's hope they do better on the new planet, on the planet they call Xernes, the one I have named Earth."

GROWN UP

by AUSTRIK KRUZA, '59

Oliver walked from the Greyhound station along St. James Street, turning left on Arlington Street. This was the way his parents always went, he remembered. He wandered through the Public Gardens admiring the beautiful tulips, just like the ones he had seen in the mail order catalogues.

Oliver Tinsel was no longer a mere boy, but a man who could take care of himself. Then he walked through the Boston Common past the bandstand. Since his stomach began to tickle, Oliver decided to eat before going to Jordan Marsh to buy a two dollar and fifty cent airplane model.

He looked down and up the street. Estimating the cafeteria up the street to be a few paces nearer, Oliver proceeded to it. He enjoyed the proud tingle that ran through his body. This was the very first time he had been allowed to go into town a lone.

Oliver opened the glass door and walked to the end of the long noon line at the self-service counter. He noticed the tobacco odor that pervaded the air. Waiting his turn, Oliver considered the dishes displayed on the counter: soup, fish, sandwiches . . . ahh, his favorites, hot dogs and ice cream.

Having decided what to eat, he shyly glanced around. A number of tables crowded the floor. Several men in white were busily removing used dishes from the tables with a loud clatter that sounded

above the monotonous conversations. His gaze met a pretty girl's coquettish smile. Embarrassed, he jerked his eyes away from her table. Guilt filled him, but the feeling subsided when he saw a fourteen year old turn red at the acrobatic stunts her brother was performing on the steel railing ahead of him. The little boy objected loudly to his sister's hushed entreaties for him to stop. But the blonde child stopped his acrobatic practice.

Then Oliver placed the hot dog, milk glass, and ice cream on a tray. He wondered how the city folk could lift their trays with such ease and naturalness. He was all thumbs. Finally, the cashier, he thought. Where did he put his money? Right pants pocket? No. Jacket pockets? No. Left pants po—Opps. . .

With a loud crash Oliver's tray splattered on the floor. His numb body bent to pick up the dishes. His face burned red. Everyone was staring at him. Yes, he knew everybody was. He kept his eyes down. How could he get out of this place? How could he erase what he had just done? He'd never live it down. Never. The girl with the smile, the men in white, the cashier—they all saw him drop the tray. Everyone would remember the broken glass, the spilled milk, the melting ice cream, and the soggy hot dog.

PANIC

by MICHAEL LEONARD, '60

I must not think about it any longer. I must accept the fact as it is and not act like a child. I must go through with it! I have the money in my wallet and know exactly what to do. It will all be over within the next few hours and I shall be the better for it.

Reluctantly, I donned my hat and coat, glanced at the mirror, surveying my general appearance, and then stepped out of my quiet room.

"Will this be the last time I shall ever see these four walls?" I thought to myself as the pain surged through my head. "Oh, why must I exaggerate my fears like this? It will all be over in the next few hours and I shall be the better for it."

As I grasped the knob on the front door, I made a last minute attempt to retreat. No, I can't stop now, for the pain of my malady is too much for me. I must face reality and go through with it!

Now that I am out in the fresh air, I feel a little more confident. I will take the street car and proceed to my destination. It will all be over in the next few hours and I shall be the better for it.

I see the building ahead of me. I know this is the place to which I have been sent, for I was once here when I was younger. Even then it was a harrowing experience, but now I am more courageous.

Possessed by my newly-acquired self-assurance, I made my way up the slender staircase to the second floor, turned left at the first corridor, and then opened the familiar door.

Removing my outer garments, I rested my body in a nearby chair and prepared for an indefinite wait by thumbing through the pages of various magazines.

After thirty minutes had passed, two men came into the room from an inner office, one dressed in the uniform of his profession, and the other, in street clothes.

"Next," the man in the uniform announced to my unwilling ears. As I entered the inner office, I couldn't help shuddering at the letters inscribed upon the upper part of the door—DR. HAROLD GOODE, DENTIST.



Hey, did you hear me?
Forward now, stepping off at a full 30-inch step.
That's a digression.
Posta!
Animal!
When I blow the whistle, everyone run down to the
fence.
I'll wait till you quiet down.
Position, ho!
Priestly? I knew him well.
3 D's
Get those gold nuggets.
Will you sign my izzé blank?
Got a pass?
No shower, no C.P.
Birds of similar plumage conjugate simultaneously.
A dime for 3 milk?
Men, I want to talk to you about money.
O come men of English . . . cha-cha-cha
Alma mater . . . one more once.

SCIENCE NEEDS YOU

by JOSEPH A. GOODWATER, '49

Today, fewer high school and college students are studying to become scientists. What is the reason?

If you're planning to become a science student, your future looks bright. At present there is a shortage of well-trained scientists. It looks as though the shortage may be even greater in the next few years. The shortage is particularly noticeable in the physical sciences and in engineering, primarily in chemistry, physics and geology. College students who have graduated with degrees in science and engineering have been starting work at an average of \$400 a month.

To some extent, the beginning salary depends on where the work is located. It may take a better offer to persuade a young person to go a long distance from home.

College students graduating in science seldom have to seek out jobs. Jobs are looking for them. Representatives of companies which employ scientists and engineers contact these college students in the latter part of their senior year.

More and more companies are giving summer work to students of science and engineering. Most of these jobs go to college juniors between their third and fourth years. In this way, the company gets acquainted with possible future employees, and the student also has a chance to decide whether he wants to work with the company permanently or not.

Industrial companies are also giving bigger and bigger sums of money to be used as science scholarships and fellowships. Although most of this scholarship money goes to advanced students, some of it is given to students just starting college. Here, again, these extra advantages go to the students with the

best scholarship records. Industries are providing this money as a way of increasing the number of scientists and engineers in our country. The student who accepts such aid is not bound by any special obligation to the company that gives him the money. Most of the money goes to the colleges, and the colleges then have complete control over the money granted to the students.

Students, why do you think that such a large number of able high school students do not go to college? Certainly one of the reasons is the cost of a college education. Many high school graduates want either to earn money for themselves or to help their families, but they do not like to think of the years ahead they'll have to spend getting a highly specialized education.

The number of students entering college is increasing, but the percentage of these students specializing in science and the engineering courses is decreasing. The number of students in our high schools is increasing, but the percentage that take the high school courses in chemistry, physics, and advanced mathematics is decreasing. Men of *English* why do you think this is so? The need is great and employment opportunities are excellent. Still, few young people are attracted.

One of the most common statements is that many high school students do not like the extra work involved. They like the attractions science has to offer, but they know that advanced science and mathematics courses are difficult. One surely cannot do much in physical science and engineering without a working knowledge of mathematics. Indeed careful study and keen observation are basic preparation for becoming a fullfledged scientist.

THE ENGLISH HIGH SCHOOL SCIENCE FAIR

Results of The Judging

March 16, 1959

Nominated to represent English High School at the State Science Fair

EDWARD E. JAMESON (209) for his exhibit: *A STUDY OF SUN SPOTS*

Nominated to represent English High School at the City Science Fair

EDWARD E. JAMESON (209) "A Study of Sun Spots"

JOHN MCLENNAN (308) "Stronautical Trajectories"

HARVEY WISEBERG (219) "Airflow Demonstrator"

BARRY RUBIN (313) "A Study of the Frog"

Nominated as alternate exhibits to the City Science Fair

CHARLES DIAMOND (103) "Inertialess Sound Reproduction"

WILLIAM GREEN (16) "Hamster Maze"

IRVING SALKOVITZ (317) "Microscope Studies"

LYND SMITH (217) "Continuous Cloud Chamber"

HONORABLE MENTION

WILLIAM CONNELL (9) "Islands of Boston Harbor"

PHILIP DAVIS (103) "Manufacture of Photographic Materials"

SYDNEY HARRIS (112) "Respiration and Photosynthesis"

HARVEY RAIN (313) "Chicken Development"

BERNARD REDGATE (118) "Catalysis in the Contact Process"

FRED WICKLES (218) "A Nest of White Faced Hornets"

May 4, 1959

Mr. Joseph Lapidus,
Secretary, E.H.S. Association

Dear Mr. Lapidus,

So far as I know, I am the only living member of the E.H.S. Class of 1883. I would like to attend the annual meeting of the Association, but am nearly 93, quite deaf, and go out very seldom of an evening, and would know practically no one there. So I shall not try to attend. I used to attend, and for years we had a class reunion every year. We had some notables in '83—Ben Law, Gillette Burgess, Milton Fay, Charles Whittier, Charles Baxter, Bob Herick, Henry T. Parker, and others once well known. We graduated with exercises in the school hall. As the oldest alumni present, I was allowed to unveil the War Memorial in the upstairs alcove.

In those days the High School was on Bedford Street with the classes meeting in the Bowditch School building on South Street. We went to Boylston Hall for military drill.

In the middle of our freshman year we entered the new building on Montgomery street and were thrilled by its magnificence. With the connected Latin School on Warren Avenue it was said to have cost \$750,000! It was a splendid building, and I have lived to see it demolished as being obsolete.

The E.H.S. battalion consisted of eight companies. In my senior year I was captain of Company "G". Prize drills were held on the stage of the old Boston Theater, then on Washington Street about opposite the R. H. White building. Drill uniform was a simple blue jacket with brass buttons and dark trousers . . . with Civil War style caps.

In those days there were no buildings in the Back Bay south of Dartmouth Street. Public transportation was by horse cars—fare six cents, children—three cents. There were no electric lights. Telephones and typewriters were very few. The tallest office building was six stories and only principal streets were paved and those with cobblestones. Cab service was by Herd's. In winter everything except street cars went on runners and "plunging" was a favorite outdoor sport. The only public hospitals were the Massachusetts General and City Hospital. The newest and swankiest hotel was the Brunswick. A steak dinner cost 75c—and a huge ham sandwich 5c. Hot dogs and hamburgers were not invented. Barnum's Circus was a one-ring tent show. Admittance was fifty cents and twenty-five cents for kids.

The fastest time to New York was six hours—4 P.M. via Springfield and Hartford. The old Fall River line was in its hey-day—a height of popularity. Men wore beards and derbys. Women wore dresses down to the ground, bustles, high-buttoned shoes, and didn't smoke. Girls wore dresses and long hair and young boys wore short pants.

I could ramble on indefinitely about the good old days in Boston, but will close with a rah, rah, rah, for the Double Blue.

With best wishes,

FLINT M. BISSELL

Alumni Notes



by B. HENRY GRAHAM, '59

Otis Gray ('55) is now serving with the United States Marine Corps in Germany.

Leroy Ramsey ('55) is now serving with the U. S. Air Force in San Diego, California. Leroy hopes to attend Boston University upon his discharge from the Air Force.

Brad Whipple ('55) is serving with the Air Force in Turkey.

Guy Lochiato ('55) is now a Sophomore at Boston College.

William McCarthy ('55) is now attending Boston University. Bill is also a Staff Sergeant in the Mass. National Guard, Co. A, 101 Infantry Armory.

Paul Ellison ('58) is now attending Boston University. Paul was Captain of the B. U. Frosh Team Cross Country.

Ron Lawrence ('58) is also attending Boston University. Ron ran a brilliant anchor leg to give the B. U. team a victory in the recent B.A.A. track meet in Boston.

Larry Augenstern ('58) is now fulfilling his Military Obligation with the U. S. Air Force in Texas.

Pat Hurley ('58) is now serving with the U. S. Air Force also in Texas.

John Sullivan ('58), who was President of his class and Co-Capt. of the Football Team, is now attending Columbian Preparatory School in Washington, D. C. John hopes to attend the U. S. Naval Academy in September.

Leo Gallagher ('58) is now attending Lawrence Academy.

James Dockett ('55) is now attending Newton Junior College.

Edlin Silcot ('55) is now attending Boston University.

Cleveland Morris ('55) is now in the U. S. Air

Force.

Al Sherman ('55), who will be remembered for a long while to come for his dedication to the school, is now a Junior at the Mass. School of Pharmacy.

Don Orr ('48) is now serving with the Army in Hawaii as a pharmacist.

John Brown ('58) is now attending B. U., College of Business Administration.

John Skinner ('55) is now in the United States Navy.

Arthur Tinsley ('55) will graduate this June from Wentworth Institute.

Edward Coyle ('55) is now in the United States Marine Corps.

Al Turner ('55) is now attending Boston University.

David Webster ('58) is now attending Brown University.

Victor Schnieder ('58) is on the Dean's List at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Gerald Pudolsky ('58) is now attending the University of Massachusetts.

Gerald Tetrault ('58) is now attending Boston University.

Peter Sielinsky ('58) is now attending Northeastern University.

Albert Tyldesley ('58) is now attending Boston College.

Reginald Alleyne ('49), who is a graduate of Tufts University will receive his Law Degree from Howard University this year; Reginald is also a Lt. (JG) in the U. S. Naval Reserve.

Onid MacKinnon ('49) has just recently passed the State Dental Exams to practice Dentistry in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Another New Feature—

Book Review

Doctor Zhivago

by ROBERT A. MINICHIELLO, '59

That Boris Pasternak's book, *Doctor Zhivago*, will be a classic, is quite evident. That it will rank in the free world as the foremost statement of the fact that Man, by his very nature, must be free, is also quite obvious. The compliments that can be heaped upon the author and book are infinite. Suffice it here to say that Pasternak is a courageous genius; and that his book is a "catechism" of freedom.

The novel itself covers some forty odd years: from the 1905 revolution to World War Two. Pasternak uses the chief character, Doctor Yurii Andreievich Zhivago, as a tool to bind the many characters together, and to express ideology. Besides expressing ideology, however, Pasternak paints vivid pictures of Russian life, and Russian scenery. The intimacies in the novel are kept holy by the very nobility of the characters.

The following is a brief resume of the plot; ideology, of necessity, must be left out.

Zhivago, a hard-working, married doctor, meets a nurse, Larisa Antipova, during World War I. After Zhivago leaves the war, and in between the February and October revolution in 1917, the doctor takes his family to the Urals, for he thinks they will be safer there. Having met Larisa again, and having fallen in love with her, Zhivago is captured by a Red Army which is desperately in need of a doctor. The army has many adventures in fighting the White (as the opponents of Bolshevism were called); but finally Zhivago escapes and returns to the Urals. Having learned that his family went back to Moscow, the doctor lives with Larisa Antipova until they learn they must flee for their lives, (Larisa would have been killed because her Red officer husband was hated by the party; Zhivago would have been killed for desertion.) Zhivago returns to Moscow, having tricked Larisa into going to Vladivostok and safety. In Moscow, Zhivago, who is now old long before his time, finds that his family has been exiled to Paris and may never return. Dejected and heartbroken, he

turns to writing, and finds solace in an understanding daughter of one of his friends. When he finally makes another attempt at medicine, he has a heart-attack and dies. The story goes on to World War II in order to tie any "loose ends," and to give more ideology.

In the book, Pasternak uses much symbolism. Zhivago is Man, struggling through untold "storms." Larisa is all that is sweet, good, and beautiful in the world. A simple rowan tree—in a chapter of which I am especially fond—denotes freedom, for it is under the trunk of this tree that Zhivago has stored food and clothing for his escape from the Red Army. I might add that when Larisa's husband, Pasha Antipov, dies the rowan tree is again alluded to as a symbol of freedom:

"A few yards from the door, Strelnikov* lay across the path with his head in a snowdrift. He had shot himself. The snow was a red lump under his left temple where he had bled. *Drops of spurting blood that had mixed with the snow formed red beads that looked like rowan berries.*"

Thus, he was "free" from all earthy strife.

Everything that Communism is, Doctor Zhivago isn't. Where Marx expounded the supremacy of state, the stifling of emotion, and the destruction of religion; Pasternak asserts the supremacy of the soul, the freedom and beauty of love, and the necessity and presence of God. As Beethoven broke with stifled academician, so, too, Pasternak breaks the shackles of decadent ideology. What can one say? To know the freedom of the book, to understand the conflicts involved, one must read it. And when one does read *Doctor Zhivago*, one experiences that ancient Greek theatrical device: catharsis, or the joining of the audience's spirit, with the spirit of the play. The book conquers Communism; and it will conquer the reader.

* This was Antipov's assumed name when he entered the Red Army. R.M.

"Death is Eternal"

by CLARE E. LAWRENCE, '60

Death is eternal;
From the fate of Abel,
To the end of time.
In life as in Death are we linked.
Death knows no bounds of age:
From Methuselah,
To the suckling babe.

Death is incessant;
From the inferior,
To the magnanimous.
Under the mien of disease and accident
Irrevocable Death vigilantly comes;
From the caprices of nature,
To the ceaseless meditation of murder.

Death is infinite;
From the Gates of Hell,
To the Portals of Paradise
Is Death's domain.
Death is a necessity of life;
From Death comes the immortal life,
Therefore in perpetual life is Death.
Yes,

Death is eternal.

New England Spring

by ROBERT A. MINICHELLO, '59

How cold air is in the month
Of March, when the first
Crocus blooms! How we long
For warmth as the woodpile
Gets low and the ground begins to thaw!

After the middle of April,
When the elms and maples show,
And the south wind brings warm rain,
All life feels the change, knows
The miracle is here again.

During this time—the warm days
Of May—when the meadow greens,
And the cows meander about, we say,
"Spring is here" but, yet, it cannot
Be shrugged off—we are too mortal for that.

The truth is in the very feeling itself:
Spring, rebirth; those of years past, fond
Memories; that of the present, ever new,
Ever beautiful. And yet it is still
A New England spring.

The Ten Commandments of English High School

by ROBERT M. SHEA, '59

- I. Thou shalt not come to school late.
(Take the day off.)
- II. Thou shalt not bribe the teacher.
(Unless terror tactics fail.)
- III. Thou shalt not eat candy in school.
(Gum lasts longer.)
- VI. Thou shalt not copy thy neighbor's work.
(Unless he is smarter.)
- V. Thou shalt not whisper in class.
(Shouting draws more attention.)
- VI. Thou shalt not throw erasers.
(Books are heavier.)
- VII. Thou shalt not run down the stairs.
(The banister is quicker.)
- VIII. Thou shalt not drive the teachers to their grave.
(Let the undertaker do it.)
- IX. Thou shalt not borrow thy neighbor's pen.
(Take it.)
- X. Thou shalt obey.
(You'll be giving the orders some day.)

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

"The Botolphian" Boston College High School, Boston, Mass.

"The Brighton Towers" Brighton High School, Brighton, Mass.

"The Chatterbox" Chatham School, Chatham, New Jersey.

"The Eagle-Echo" Dobbs Ferry High School, Dobbs Ferry, New York.

"The Headlight" Marblehead High School, Marblehead, Mass.

"The Jabberwock" Girls' Latin School, Dorchester, Mass.

"The Little Giant" Medford High School, Medford, Mass.

"The Newtonite" Newton High School, Newton, Mass.

"The North Star" North Quincy High School, North Quincy, Mass.

"The Powderhorn" Bedford High School, Bedford, Mass.

"The Student's Review" Northampton High School, Northampton, Mass.

"The Students' Pen" Pittsfield High School, Pittsfield, Mass.

This is an informative and well written bi-monthly with several novel features. These include a "School Notes" column, concerned mainly with addition to

the faculty; "Alumni Notes," dealing with the collegiate activities of former students; and an attractive "Who's Who" article that mentions the well-known personalities of the school and the newly elected club and organization officers. This magazine was deservedly presented first place honors for 1958 by the Columbia University Scholastic Press, and is certainly a credit to the school.

"The Botolphian" Boston College High School, Boston, Mass.

This is truly a magnificent magazine highlighted by the numerous short stories that make for most interesting reading. The several poems in this seasonal presentation are also of the highest caliber. Of particular note was "The Wind," by James Maguire.

The style of the articles is indeed praiseworthy, Latin quotations are used throughout.

"The Little Giant" Medford High School, Medford, Mass.

An excellent magazine with varied content, this quarterly from Medford has a sparkling personality all its own. The climax of its literary achievements is the International Honor Rating from *Quil and Scroll* for the 1957-1958 series. "This award characterizes the magazine as one of 'superior achievements'." Need one say more?

Sports . . .



Baseball - 1959

Dorchester 19-5

The Blue and Blue opened their season by trouncing Dorchester, 19-5 with Billy Donahue getting the win, after relieving Ted Larsen, who had a shaky start. The team combined hits to break the game wide open in the fourth inning, with Captain Pochini starting the 8 run rally.

Trade 21-1

English stayed on the winning trail by swamping Trade, 21-1. Jack McGloin received his first varsity win as he helped lead the team on to its second victory. Sophomore Bob Guindon made an impressive showing, hitting a home run and a triple to take the batting honors.

Technical 12-5

Again the Double Blue stayed on top by defeating Tech, 12-5. Billy Donahue did some fine pitching

and the team did some fine hitting to run their winning streak to three in a row.

The stars for the Double Blue were Donahue, Pochini, Cohen and Bouyer. For the first time this season the team was set back by B.C. High, 8-2 in a game which was poorly played by our strong defense. Stars for the Blue and Blue were Marrotta, and McVea, an outstanding sophomore.

Latin 12-8

The Double Blue bounced back after their previous loss, beating their arch rival, Latin, 12-8. The team made an impressive showing to the large crowd in the stands, as Billy Donahue befuddled the "Purple Pets." The superb fielding of "Missile" Messina and "Cocky" Cohen helped down Latin and regain first place.

This year looks like a City Championship for the Blue and Blue!

Outdoor Track

Outdoor track looked like a very prosperous season with many of last year's men, and a great number of men from our indoor team coming out.

English, Trade, Dorchester

It was a cool sunny morning at White Stadium when English romped to victory. The final score was English 213, Trade 30 and Dorchester 16.

In the class "A" broad jump Johnson, N. Graham and Goodwater took consecutive places from first down with the winning jump being 19' 3". Congdon took first and Mulkerin took second in the javelin. The Englishmen swept both the pole vault and discus with Ronan, Fallon, Wiggins, and Gramer vaulting and Kiriapoulos, Bruno, Dunderdale, and Ronan dominating the discus. The Blue and Blue featured in the running events with Garvin taking 2nd and Johnson blazing home for a 3rd in the "100". Goodwater streaked to a 1st in the "220", with Thompson taking 3rd and Gramer taking a 1st in the "440". Mulkerin, Fallon, Fuller, and Biggar stride to an easy point total in their consecutive order in the "880". Hurley swept the mile in an easy victory.

Class "B" had Brandon and Kirsis placing 1st and 2nd in the discus Kirsis, Salkavitz, and Kalafatas taking the first 3 places in the javelin and Cullinane taking 2nd in the shot put. Jumping events had Dilday placing 2nd in the broad jump and Benn and Dilday taking the first two places in the high jump. The hurdles saw Jones and Benn placing 5/10 of a second apart in finishing 1, 2, in the hurdles and in the "440". Potts, edged out Cooper and Dilday for a 1, 2, 3, finish for English. Salkavitz finished 3rd in the "100" and Brown and Kalafatas placed in the "220".

The class "C" broad jump was swept by Lewis, Almeda and Mendelsohn, while the shot put had

Gaughan and Mac Million placing 3 and 4. Win! Win! Win! and we did with Lewis winning the hurdles, Gamble and Almeda placing in the "50", Thompson grabbing a 1st in the "100", and Mendelsohn and Langsford taking 1st, 2nd, in the "440".

St. John's Relays

The Blue and Blue was edged out in the St. John's Relays by a mere eight points with the Tigers of Newton taking top honors. The scoring was Newton 34, English 26, Tech 19, and many other teams lagged behind.

Our pole vaulting and discus teams took our first places, with Ronan, Fallon, and Vilkas doing the pole vault, and Kiriapoulos, Bruno, and Manna beating our foe Newton by 1/2 an inch. In a highly contested mile relay, our speedy team of Turner, Potts, Ronan and Goodwater, was just nosed out by a fleet footed Brookline team. A game battle was put up by the two mile relay team of Fialka, Fuller, Biggar and Fallon but they had to settle for 3rd behind Lawrence Central and Natick. English again found itself coming in 3rd in the distance medley and the "880" relays. New records were set in both these events by the winning teams. The distance medley team of Mulkerin, Garvin, Gramer and Hurley finished behind Lawrence Central and Brockton, just being a few strides out of the second spot, and the "880" relay team of Turner, Potts, Graham, and Goodwater was coming up very strong, but the race wasn't long enough for them to grab a 2nd. Four other teams also scored a point apiece for the Blue. They were the shot put team of Bruno, Kiriapoulos, and Manna; the high jump team of Gamble, Dilday, and Benn; the "440" team of Garvin, Kalafatos, Kirsis, and Thompson; and the hurdle team of Lewis, Benn, Gamble, and Vilkas.

Crew

English High has experienced its best season out of the four seasons crew has been a sport at the

school. The turnout of some one-hundred candidates for crew is certainly proof of the growth of the

sport. Four years ago when the school had one boat and a crew of nine boys the outlook for the sport at E.H.S. was poor. Now the school has three boats, a crew of forty oarsmen, an excellent coach, and a non-defeated record for this season.

Practice was held every day for the three weeks following the April vacation. The three boats were in use from three o'clock to four-thirty in the afternoon. Practice was mainly held between the Longfellow Bridge and the Harvard Bridge. One afternoon the E.H.S. Varsity and J.V. rowed up to and past Harvard Stadium, an estimated distance of seven miles or a round trip of fourteen miles. By the third week, all blisters healed, and all bottom sides hardened up, the practice consisted of racing the one mile course, once or twice an afternoon.

The Varsity crew, probably the strongest ever for English, consisted of three seniors, five juniors, and one sophomore. Bob Ernst, co-capt. and rowing

stroke, was back for his fourth and last year. When Bob was a freshmen he played the role of coxswain, and worked his way to the stroke position in his senior year. Jim Killian, co-capt. and rowing bow, will be rowing for Annapolis next year. Lehmann and McFadd, both rowing two position, should be back next year to help backbone a strong crew.

The first race on May 14, was pictured by most as an easy victory for Latin, since they were defending city champs. Race day was warm and calm, a perfect day for a regatta. The Varsity crews lined up at Harvard Bridge first. Coach Gillis was the starter. Tech was on the Boston side; English and Latin, with Trade on the Cambridge side. The whistle sounded and the crews were off and rowing. The bows were even for the first hundred strokes, then English began to break away from Tech. The rest of the crews were bow to bow to the finish line with English going over first. It was a hard victory, to take the lead away from the champ, but our j.v. managed to do it also.

Golf

The Golf Team began practice just before the April vacation, with the chill winter weather still around. The team practiced through the entire vacation except for a few rainy days at the end. We have won all of our matches so far under the able direction of co-captains, Bob Shea and Leo Horgan, and our faculty advisor, Mr. Simmons.

A favorable interest in golf at English High School

is maintained because golf is a game that can be played far on into later life, whereas such sports as football and baseball are too strenuous after the age of thirty. Realizing this, the English High Golf team is well on its way to success through practice and hard work.

This year the E.H.S. Golf Team has won the City Championship, and should have a good chance to win the State Championship.

Tennis - 1959

The tennis team played its first match with Hyde Park on Thursday, April 16. We had no trouble winning this game because only two players from Hyde Park appeared on the scene. Due to a new arrangement of the tennis program, the coach for Hyde Park had not had time to organize his team.

Compensation for this easy victory came in our

next game with Dorchester. Dorchester had acquired a veritable powerhouse since we played them last year; Powers by name—three brothers of different height and age, but of practically the same strength and skill on the court. The brothers swept with ease through the three singles matches. We did, however, win the doubles—Bob Shimkus and Ray Barron taking the first doubles, and Edward Smith and Charles

Gricus the second doubles. We might have fared a little better if our captain and first singles player, Bill Golden, had been present, but we was unavoidably absent on scholarship business.

Although we lost to Dorchester by a score of 2 to 3, we won the next four games with Brighton, South Boston, Roxbury Memorial and Roslindale with very respectable scores. The only other game we lost was the match with Latin on May 21. Bill Golden, Don Harke, and Joe Pallinger played singles, while Bob Shimkus, Ray Barron and Peter Kohl, Edward Smith

were the doubles partners. Latin was the strongest opposition we encountered and, though they won the match, we enjoyed it more than some of our easy wins because we fought harder.

Altogether, we had a fairly successful season with two defeats and six victories. Bill Golden, Don Harke and Henry Shapiro will compete in the finals matches of the City Touranment, and, with three strong players like them, we have a very good chance of placing first or second in the Tournament.



Cruising the Corridors . . .



Well, here's the last issue of the "Record" this year. Bet you thought we wouldn't make it!

Atwood would say if he knew that "inocuous desuetude" isn't in the dictionary?

Recently overhead in 211:

"How'd you puncture your tire, Mac?"

"Ran over a milk bottle," was the reply.

"Didn't see it, huh?"

"Naw . . . the kid had it under his coat."

Anybody want to join "Mosher's Murders?" . . . Some of the boys in the lunchroom think that Mr. Ferrant's symbol should be changed from Fe to Ff for "Frantic Ferranti" . . . Rumor has it that Mr. Heins is going to install a machine outside his room that will give out papers automatically.

Rick Giadano and Vic Terrio are still looking for their "papers" . . . Will wonders never cease? Freddie Schmidt was actually seen in drill . . . Seems that Mr. Gillis wanted his football managers to take a "cowel tount." Lot his mord wixed.

We learned the hard way that it is unwise to leave one's date and one's keys in the same car at the same time . . . Ernie Oliveira seems to have lost his sophomore company while keeping them overtime.

Bill Rooney wants to know what kind of motorcycle Mr. Messer is driving . . . I wonder what Mr.



"DETENTION"

When "Buster" Palumbo was asked by a patrol boy to show his pass, he calmly said as he walked by, "Never use 'em" . . . Heard in room 12: Reine: "Why are you going to give a test Wednesday?" Mr. Shelton: "I like to give tests."

Overheard in the lunchroom; Mr. Ferranti: "Where did you eat your lunch?" Sophomore: "In my mouth" . . . Mr. Shelton's first period math class killed a mouse in his room by throwing their math books at it. I hear half the class is flunking.

"Butch" Panico tells me that "chidrue" means cucumber . . . As usual Larry Mahoney sprained his ankle right on schedule . . . There are rumors that the Military Science Club is working on a missile. Keep away from room 303, boys.

I wonder if Mr. Mosher prints signs for a living during the summer? . . . Heard in 216: Hynes: "Anyone want to buy a ticket for the Fathers' and Sons' night?" Prefontaine: "I'd go, but my son is sick" . . . If any of you boys want to hear a good bedtime story, come into room 117 during the study

period. "Uncle Louie" Miller tells his tall tales up the back of the room to Billy Moore, Jimmy O'Neil, and "Mossy" Mussman. They are known as the "Fireside Four".

I wonder if there really is such a person as Bomba? . . . Did you know that "Doc" and Mr. Atwood stay here all summer changing back the chemical compounds to their original elements? . . . Seen in a Boston newspaper: "Wife has gun, must travel."

If anyone is thinking of *collaborating* in math tests in room 12, watch out for "Sherlock" Shelton . . . Rumor has it that Captain Fisher is coming out with a group called "Captain Fisher and His Little Fishers," with Mr. Gillis playing the drums . . . Heard in room 107A: "Is Captain Fisher free this period?" "He's always free."

Well, the year is over and the Record Staff would like to wish all the seniors the best of luck. Also, we have a slight admonition to the juniors. Don't go mad with power next year, boys!



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